THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1491.

Original Poetry.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES N. PINE.

Nobly on the mighty ocean,
'Neath the banner of the Free,
Queen-like in her stately motion
Floats the good ship "Liberty."
Proudly gaze our gallant seamen
On her, as she glides along,
While, on land, a host of freemen
Glorify her name in song.

Patriots repeat the story
Of her deeds with proud delight,
How she won undying glory
In defence of Freedom's Right.
Battling 'gainst accursed oppression,
In a high and holy cause,
For the Heaven-designed possession,
Equal Rights and Equal Laws.

Such has ever been her mission
Since her honored course began,
And she's won a proud position,
Battling for the Rights of Man.
But, alas! for human glory,
Shame upon the laurel'd bold.
There is yet another story
Which has never all been told.

See a free-born human creature
Who has freely shed his blood
Fighting in the cause of Freedom,
On the wild and stormy flood—
Who has bled to win the glory
Clustering 'round Columbia's name,
Now with back all gashed and gory,
Bleeding 'neath the lash of shame!

See the mangled muscles quiver
As the tyrant plies the lash.
Every brutal blow that's given
Leaves a ... bleeding gash!
Hear the damning scourge descending,
And the victim's anguished groans,
As it, through his flesh extending,
Cleaves into his very bones!

Romance of History.

PERKIN WARBECK.

(CONCLUDED.)

... city of Exeter, demanded admission within its gates. He promised the citizens protection, and the confirmation of all their privileges, together with advantages which they had not previously enjoyed. But the men of Exeter feared the Cornish rabble; their walls were considered strong in those days; the prince's army—if it could be considered an army—had no artillery; and admission into Exeter was refused.

All who had any skill or experience in the camp of Richard Plantagenet saw that it was needful to obtain some important town, both for the collection of stores and as a place of retreat. He resolved, therefore, to storm the city; and the attack was gallantly made and gallantly resisted. One of the gates was partly burned; possession was well-nigh obtained of the walls; but the attacking parties were at length repulsed, and the Cornishmen found that they had lost two hundred men. They looked gloomy and discontented; and news reached the camp that immense forces were marching rapidly to attack them in the open field.

Prosperity has always friends. The Earl of Devonshire, Sir Edmund Carew, Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas Fulford, Sir William Courtenay, Sir John Croker, Edgecombe, St. Maure, Trenchard, and a whole host of Courtenays, gathered troops together, and marched toward Exeter, while the Lord d'Aubeny, though he had seen a near relative sacrificed to the jealousy of the first Tudor, led a powerful army against the undisciplined forces of the prince.—The news, too, ran that Henry himself with a mighty host, was following quick, and it was necessary to prepare for resistance or seek safety in flight.

The position near Exeter could not be maintained, and Richard retreated, slowly and in tolerable order, to Taunton, in Somersetshire. There he prepared to resist to the last; and some there ...

Our Picture Gallery.

AN INDIAN DUEL.

FROM FROST'S "THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS."

In the summer of 1806, the following extraordinary circumstance occured in the neighborhood of Natchez.

About two o'clock, P. M., an Indian was discovered by the family, entering the south end of Colonel Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner; his whole body appeared red. He held in his right hand a gun, which he brandished with many gesticulations; in his left, a bottle. He was attended by two other Indians, in rather a sober pace. At the opposite end of the lane some more Indians were discovered, among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed. He was held and detained by a woman; but when the one brandish...

... draught, and given a whoop, he took fresh aim, and in an instant the other dropped almost at his feet. This done, he loaded his gun with all possible speed, gave it to a by-stander, (son of the deceased,) and then, in turn, bared and presented his breast, and was instantaneously sent into eternity.

The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their respective friends interred, one at each end of the lane. The wife and relatives of the unarmed one—who was first killed—howled over his remains three days and nights. They then disappeared. On Friday last (says the account) they returned again, fired several guns on approaching the grave, gave a general bowl, about a quarter of an hour, and re...

Selected Articles.

THE CHAMOIS AND THE VULTURE.

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

To commemorate the ever-to-be-remembered 22nd of February—the birth-day of the greatest man that ever led a nation out of the darkness of a Revolutionary struggle into the mild light of a well-ordered Liberty—we lay before our readers an engraving of the National Monument now being erected at Washington, and to which every State will contribute a block of its native stone. The following interesting account and description of the Monument, is from the Boston Transcript:

It has been the intention of the American people from the close of the War of the Revolution, to rear some Monument to the memory of Washington. This was expressed first, by the Representatives in Congress on the 7th day of August, 1783, by the adoption of the following Resolutions:

Resolved, (unanimously, ten States being present), That an Equestrian Statue of General Washington be erected in the place where the residence of Congress shall be established.

A Joint Committee in Congress, on the 8th of May, reported the following Resolution:

Resolved, That a Marble Monument be erected by the United States, in the Capital at the City of Washington, in honor of General Washington, to commemorate his services, and to express the regards of the American people, for an important public trust.

The plan was temporarily abandoned at the establishment of Congress, on account of the inability of the Treasury to defray the expense at that time. While different States took measures to construct such monuments, or to express in some other way, according to their means, their grateful and high regard for the services of Washington, a society was organized on the 16th day of September, 1833, at the metropolis of the Union, in accordance with the time and sentiments of the great body of the American people, to construct a National Monument, by the voluntary contributions of all citizens, should be "on a scale to commensurate with the virtue and ability of the character thus held up as a model to all future generations."

Chief Justice Marshall was the first President of the Washington National Monument Society, and the effort has met the approbation of all classes and descriptions of persons in every section of the country.

In the year 1840-6, there was contributed about $30,000. The fund was placed in the hands of Gen. N. Towson, General Samuel Smith, and Thomas Monroe, gentlemen of prudence and elevated moral worth, who invested it in stocks, and the interest has been from time to time, in time.

The pressure on the business of the country which succeeded 1836, arrested the collections, and they were not resumed until July, 1841. The whole amount of the funds, including all the collections and profits of investments, amount to about $87,000.

The graceful excitement of a Presidential campaign, and the depression of business, the financial embarrassments; the losses by fire, and the derangement of mercantile and mechanical pursuits, in different sections of our country, have retarded collections; but the people give evidence that the work is their own, worthy of their generous gratitude, and that they will carry it to completion.

On the 21st of January, 1848, by the passage and approval of a Joint Resolution, the President of the United States, and Board of Managers, were set apart a suitable plot of ground near the Potomac River, directly west of the Capitol, and south of the President's House, on the ground selected by Washington, and made choice on laying out the city. Its situation is in perfect harmony with the principal public buildings, and many of the principal streets and avenues—constituting a beautiful view of the Potomac in its southern course. It is some four miles south of the city and the surrounding country, and this view cannot at any time, be obstructed by the erection of buildings.

The design embraces the idea of a grand circular colonnaded building 250 feet in diameter, and 100 feet high, from which springs an obelisk shaft 70 feet at the base and 500 feet high, making a total elevation of 600 feet.

The vast terrace, forming the grand base of the Monument, is surrounded by 20 columns of massive proportions, and from the exterior side of 45 feet high, elevated upon a lofty base or platform of 30 feet elevation and 300 feet square, surmounted by a massive balustrade 15 feet in height.

The terrace entrance of the colonnade is 37 feet wide, and the pressure or walk within the colonnade, including the column space, 55 feet. The walks enclosing the cella, or gallery within, are formed with 20 massive arch pilasters; 8 feet wide, 45 feet high, and 11 feet projection, answering to the columns in front, constituting the most appropriate architecture. The deep recesses formed by the projection of the mass, provide uniform niches for the reception of tablets.

The Corner-Stone of the Obelisk was laid on the 4th of July last, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of our citizens from every section of the United States. Some States sent banners with appropriate inscriptions, which are encased, and will be placed in the Monument. The foundation of the Obelisk is laid 81 feet square, 8 feet below the surface of the ground, and is constructed so as to be 56 feet 10 inches square at the top, as elevated on 15 feet. The face of the Obelisk is now polished, of massive blocks of laminated granite of many tone weight.

The Obelisk is commenced at the height of 17 feet above the ground, 55 feet square, raised with masonry, with walls 4 feet thick, making a cavity of 85 feet. It will be extended by stairs on the inside, and by machinery. In the centre of the Monument is placed the tomb of Washington, to receive his remains, should they be removed—(hither, the descent to which is by a bronze flight of steps lighted by the same light which illumines his statue.

The purchase of materials, and the general construction of the Obelisk, is committed to the Board of Managers, to three of their number, denominated a Building Committee, who spend much time in advancing the work—in visiting it, meet weekly, and no member of it, or of the Building Committee, receives any compensation. The most rigid economy is observed in all the appointments.

The cost of the Obelisk, which is first to be completed, is estimated at $600,000. The estimated cost of the Colonnade and Pantheon, is $1,000,000.

"Build it for the skies," said Mr. Winthrop, in his eloquent address at the laying of the corner-stone—"for ages to come, for the fathers of its principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock! you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble, you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the resources of ancient and modern art, you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!"

No American citizen will need any urgency or appeal to induce him to contribute to this good work. It is its own eloquent advocate.

CALIFORNIA.

There are no steamers running now between New York and Chagres, as heretofore. Howard & Co.'s Line, Rogers' City and Crescent City, George Law's Line, Ohio and Georgia, Howland & Aspinwall's Line, Clinton and Philadelphia. The New York Tribune gives the following information in regard to their new line of steamers, got by the Howland line, is 440 in the steerage, and $300 in $150 in the cabins. The steerage passage includes mattresses and board. The passage in the Law line are, state-room berth, $100; steerage berth, $50; forward steerage, $30—also including bedding and board. By the Aspinwall line, after meals, $150; forward steerage, lower cabin, $50. The prices by the Law line are cheaper than by the others, because those steamers do not go direct.

Between Panama and San Francisco there are two steamers running, it will be seen as to sailing days:—Howland & Aspinwall's line, Oregon, California, Umpire, Tennessee and Columbus; Howard & Son's line, Sarah Sands and New Orleans. U. S. American Line, Georgiana and Isthmus. The prices on the Pacific are the same on all the above steamers—first cabin, $300; second cabin or steerage, $150. Passengers are allowed two cubic feet of baggage. Freight in the Howard line is taken at $7 per ton, and no supercargo in the others at the same price. The Aspinwall steamers are full, on the Pacific side, up to May. The Howard steamers are also full to May, and it is doubtful if a steam passage could be obtained from Panama until after April. We believe that sailing vessels are running between Panama and San Francisco, and passage can be obtained at from $150 to $200.

FROM THE BOSTONIAN AUDITOR AND GAZETTE

LINES,

Written on the death of Miss Mary Walker Walton and Charles Ann Eustis, two beautiful daughters of Jesse and Mrs. Orinda Walton Eustis, who died in their mother's arms, within five days of each other.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LE C. MINTE.

They sleep in death—the summer glow
Of the fair flowers that bloom below;
Their hearts are cold, their forms sadly wish
Above the early dead.

Tourists could rear their spotless shrines,
Where Death's cold hand has set its signs;
The Saviour died His sheltering arms,
And called them to His home.

They sleep in death—the dews of night,
They weep upon their clods;
Nor emotional flowers more sweet and bright,
Than entwined in their bloom.

Alas! the dawn of night did fall,
The flowers of autumn glow,
While they, the loveliest flowers of all,
Blighted and pale, lie low.

They wake in Heaven—with angels fair—
Children of glory now;
Oriental blossoms wreathe their hair,
And crowns, each treading here!

And to each youthful head they hold
A sweet and golden lyre—
Symbols of victory—such as are awarded
In Heaven's eternal choir.

They live in Heaven—no kinder home!
Than Jordan rushes near,
Cradles them to their Elder one,
With never-sickening cheer.

They Saviour, whose divine embrace
Does bless the babes of earth,
Now crowns them with His Father's grace,
And owns their Heavenly birth.

OLD CONTINENTAL MONEY

The following extract from the account of Major Garland, Paymaster in a regiment of the Virginia State line on the Continental establishment in 1781, will serve to illustrate the evil of a depreciated unredeemable currency:

Hiram Cousins in account with the State of Virginia.

Dr.

June, 1781. To twenty-two weeks' work in making cask, clouts, wisecocks, and stable forks, at 40 dollars per week, - - $ 12,000
Jones Cousins in account with the State of Virginia.

Cr.

July, 1781. To repairing bogie horse and transport for his regiment dragoons. - $15,000
To making cask, clouts, and stable forks, per aket. 70,000
To forty pair of boots, at $2,000 per pair. - 80,000
To 1 saddle and bridle, - - - 2,000
Colonel White, Captain Bedford, Captain Watt, Captain Hill and Dr. Reed, having united as to value their horses, tallies and lost in the service of the State of the United States, we do therefore certify the front of our judgments, to the following amounts:

Capt. Bedford's, a horse do. - $5,000
Capt. Watt's, a mare do. - 4,000
Capt. Hill's, a bay do. - 20,000
Doctor Reed's, a bay do. - 50,000

JOHN HUGHES.
Fifth regiment, L. D., and others.

To the above may be added an anecdote related by an old revolutionary soldier. The regiment to which he belonged was stationed in winter quarters at one of the posts on the North River—Stony Point, we believe—the year we have forgotten. He had received three months pay of par in Continental money, and he and two of his companions concluded to have a frolic on that account. They accordingly adjourned to a place where such matters were conducted, and had such a mug of flip, in payment for which our informant handed over the whole amount of his three months' pay, but which their host was quite loth to receive in full satisfaction for the refreshments furnished his guests.

THE BLASPHEMER'S DEATH.

There is something so terribly startling in the following facts, and so fearfully exemplifying the truth that the wicked shall not live half exhausting the name of the Eternal, that had we not made minute and careful inquiry, years ago, among the haunts of those living where the occurrence took place, we should have believed the whole to be an elaborate fiction. We have published the particulars of a case of some ordinary and every-day casualty, rather than the awfully-true narrative of a death-bed scene. He had uttered three oaths only last, a married woman, residing in the Friars' Fields, handed him a cup of tea, which he received in an infant in her arms, soon her own house, dying in the most awful agonies. Her husband, who was present at the time, or private, cannot be ascertained, but the fact is undoubted. Within a few days after, a woman in the same house fancied she heard a noise in the room where the child was sleeping, and on going to see what was the matter, found the child in the arms of the private who had cursed and blasphemed in the morning. The woman screamed, and he ran off, leaving the child dead in her arms. Another woman, who was in the house, hearing the screams, ran out of her room, and met the murderer coming down the stairs, with a drawn sword in his hand, which was stained with blood. He passed her, and she ran into the room, and found the child lying dead on the floor. The murderer was never heard of afterwards, and it is supposed that he escaped to America. Such is the account we have received of this awful occurrence, and we have no reason to doubt its correctness.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

SUBSTITUTES FOR FLOGGING.

In an article in our last paper, upon the "Reformation of Seamen," we noticed the publication of "The Old Astronomer; or, The Prophecy Fulfilled," by T. B. Arthur, Esq. Mr. Arthur has since published a work of a similar character, and with a higher object than merely to amuse the reader. Fortune-tellers are still plenty in our large cities, and we have reason to believe that many persons, who are fond of books and thoughtless, who should know better, as well as by the ignorant and superstitious. Mr. Arthur's object in writing his work was to expose the evil, and well have, we think, a very wholesome tendency.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

CALIFORNIA.

A friend of ours, Mr. N. W. Palmer, late of Wilmington, Del., now in California, writes an interesting letter to the "*Delaware Republican*," dated "Towalamnes River Gold Diggings, Upper California, Dec. 23rd, 1849." As while there have been many letters published from San Francisco and other towns, there have been very few direct accounts from those who are remaining at the mines during the winter months, we publish the most interesting portions of Mr. Palmer's letter:

I have been working at the mines on the river for the last three months, with about the usual run of luck which all new miners have, that is to say, in Wall street parlance, "from fair to middling," or from three to thirty dollars per day.

The fall rains having set in a month earlier than usual, the streams have already swollen to such an extent, that most of the operatives have been driven out of the bed of the river, where the richest deposits in all cases seem to lie. Most of the miners have left here, and our camp seems quite deserted and lonely;—some have gone to spend the winter at San Francisco, Monterey, San Oza, (the present Seat of Government,) and others to bask in the sunny climes of the Sandwich Islands. It is thought that little will be done in these mines until the waters abate, which will not be sooner than next August.

Our camp was thrown into quite an excitement a few days ago, by two distinguished arrivals.—One was nothing less than a living, breathing woman; yes, real flesh and blood. The miners stood aghast, like Tam O'Shanter's mare, "right sair astonished," with mouth, and ears, and eyes wide open to see her walk, and hear her speak. Some thought it was an angel, while others said nay, it is a ghost. But pleasantry aside, it is whispered in this case that the woman wears the breeches, and that she brought her husband to seek their fortunes here. How this may be I know not, but certainly she has evinced much more courage than some of us self-styled lords of creation. The other arrival to which I have alluded, was that of a "grizzly gentleman," who came by night in the most stealthy manner; whether he came to pay his respects to the lady or not, I have not learned. He, however, showed that he was not entirely devoid of taste, as he walked through a tent where some men were sleeping, and carried off a bucket of sugar. As we did not desire to have his company, or further patronage in the sugar line, we resolved to pursue him, and on the next day we started off, armed to the teeth, and tracking his foot prints over the mountains, soon came to his whereabouts, and commenced storming his castle. At first he showed a disposition to make good his retreat, but we had no disposition to let him off so cheaply, as we could not help remembering that he had robbed us of the sweetening of our tea and coffee. At the first fire, however, from a well directed rifle he faced about and offered fight. It was now our turn to act on the defensive, and, though he was no insignificant foe, we resolved to stand our ground. Onward he came—the bullets flew fast and thick around him, and he roared out with pain; but to his credit be it said he never flinched, but faced the storm of lead right bravely. The sport was manly and called for a little more courage than our city bucks display in shooting "tom-tits" and "sparrow hawks," yet it was not destined to end so favorably on our side as it began. I am sorry to say that one brave and noble youth of about sixteen, in his anxiety to give him his mortal wound, ventured too near the enraged animal, which caught him in his dying embrace, and literally tore him to pieces. This was the more painful to behold, as the father of the poor boy was by and witnessed the heart-rending spectacle. All arms were paralized but his, and he took deliberate aim at bruin's head and dared to fire so near his son. The unerring bullet did its work, and the boy and the bear, side by side, lay dead. We brought our trophy of the battle home in melancholy gloom at the loss of one brave and noble heart. The body of bruin, after it was dressed, weighed six hundred pounds, and was sold at one dollar per pound. The skin was put up at auction, and brought one hundred and fifty dollars. Since then several bears have been killed within a few miles of this place, and it is no uncommon thing to see them weighing from one thousand to sixteen hundred pounds.

Deer are very abundant, and venison is the only meat we have eaten for several weeks. We have now a fine four year old buck hanging on the little oak which shades our tent, already dressed for use, and find it very convenient to "cut and come upon again," it is the fifth one we have killed within a short time. When any one is short of provisions, he has only to take his rifle and go over the mountains two or three miles, and if he is any thing of a marksman, he can easily bring down his game at fifty to two hundred yards.

The winter thus far has been very mild and warm. For a few nights only we have had light frosts, and on one occasion a slight fall of snow, which did not, however, reach us in the depths of this valley, but covered the surrounding mountains with beautiful white caps that glittered for one short day before the warm rays of the sun.

Much rain has fallen within the last month, swelling the streams and rendering the roads almost impassable; in consequence, all kinds of provisions are very scarce, and exceedingly high. It costs fifty cents per pound to get freight from Stockton here, a distance of not over eighty miles. Sugar, rice, coffee, flour, beef and pork, bread and beans, sell for a dollar a pound at the mines;—good coarse boots four ounces of gold, and all other things in like proportion. Many are living on acorns and venison. The former are very plenty, and not bad eating when boiled or roasted;—they also make an excellent coffee when roasted;—I am getting quite fond of them, they are an infallible cure for the diarrhoea.

Since writing the above I have conversed with [illegible]

...but consoled itself in the idea that as long as it is confined to the Southern States it is their sin, and that the North do not participate in it.

He had no idea of a dissolution of the Union.—When the idea was presented to him, it floated before his mind like a vision, to which he could give no form; and yet, as the result of a desperation which may ensue upon this question, such dissolution might come, and if it did come, his feelings, sympathies and efforts would all be in behalf of the people with whom he had identified his interests.

On the 13th, the petition presented by Mr. Hale from 1,490 women of Dover, praying that slavery may not be extended to California and New Mexico, was received without debate, and referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Clay presented a petition of the creditors of the late Republic of Texas, asking the United States Government to settle their claims against Texas, and recommended it to the favorable consideration of the Committee on Claims.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a Message just received from the President, transmitting an authenticated copy of the Constitution of the State of California.

Mr. Foote moved that the subject lie on the table for the present, which motion was negatived—ayes 18, nays 20. Postponed till next day.

The Vice President also laid before the Senate a Message from the President, stating that the information called for by a resolution of the Senate, relative to correspondence had with Guatemala, the doings of the British Government in Central America and the Mosquito Government, would be cheerfully communicated as soon as it was found to be compatible with the public interest.

On a motion by Mr. Foote, the message was laid on the table for the present.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's resolutions of Compromise.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, having the floor, proceeded to address the Senate at length upon the question of slavery, and in reply to Mr. Clay, stating that he had been bitterly disappointed in view of the course adopted by that Senator. He had hoped from him some plan of settlement—something which the patriotic on all sides could agree upon. Instead of that, he had presented a scheme essentially conceding to the North all that was claimed by the South.

Mr. Davis took the extreme Southern grounds, insisting that slavery is so recognised in the Constitution as to make it an institution of the United States, and not simply of the States in which it exists. He proceeded at some length with an argument upon the question, whether slavery now exists in California and New Mexico by law—taking the affirmative of the proposition, assuming the ground that all the laws of Mexico abolishing slavery are null and void—having being passed by authorities not possessed of competent jurisdiction. He also defended the institution of slavery itself. All history, ancient and modern, showed the Ethiopian, wherever found, in the condition of bondsmen. Slavery had ever been the only course of permanent blessing to the African race, and emancipation was fraught with injury to them. It was a false humanity which sought to raise them to any other condition. It was an institution of the Almighty, recognised and sanctioned by the Bible—from Genesis to Revelations.

Before concluding his remarks, Mr. D. gave way to a motion to go into Executive Session, which was agreed to.

The doors were reopened, when Mr. Foote laid on the table his proposition for a Select Committee of fifteen, to whom all the questions connected with the institution of slavery shall be referred. Adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Dayton presented a memorial of the quarterly meeting of Friends of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, asking the adoption of additional peaceable measures for the suppression of the slave trade. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations.

After the presentation of numerous memorials, the Senate resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's resolutions.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., resumed and concluded his remarks in reply to Mr. Clay, contending that slave labor would be necessary and profitable in California. He advocated and defended the course pursued by the South upon the slavery question, and said she would continue in the path marked out. He denied that she preached disunion, or had threatened any such measure.

In conclusion, Mr. Davis alluded more especially to the evils of disunion, and asserted that it rested with the North to say whether the last page of our national history shall be written in blood, and descriptive of the wreck and ruin of the Republic. The South asked nothing but equality, and would be satisfied with nothing less. The North had been the aggressor, and it was nothing but a spirit of holy attachment which had bound the South to the Union. [illegible]

...

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and practical, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and sketches, what paper has laid before its subscribers during the past year, four such novelets as "Henry Benson," "The Child Stealer," "Isabel Denison," and "The Deserted Wife!"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant one than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Possessed," "The Child Stealer," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Malina Grey," &c., &c.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more solid and substantial reading; such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT*.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

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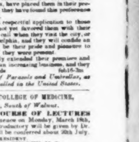

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE "MAIL."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

AN AMERICAN NATIONAL SONG.

BY CAPT. G. W. CUTTER.

Though wars and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are waving in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world.
These lights are manifested to those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done:
And they're inspired in us now and so holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the home while those pioneers fearlessly flung
The banner of liberty forward,
Ever true to themselves, to their motto they clung,
As they clung to the pennant of God.
By its bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the tribes whose only power was wrong,
Oh, perish the heart or the hand the sword may,
Our motto of "Many in One."

Hail the smoke of the combat—the cannon's deep roar!
How oft it hath gathered renown!
While those that were reflected in rivers of gore,
When the storm and the fire were down.
And though now were the lights in the gloom of that hall,
Let the hearts that were stirring below
That "God for them" hearted, and unite on their power,
And they respond not to number the foe.

From whence our green mountains tops blend with the sky,
And ask, Are St. Lawrences is cold?
To the waters where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some poet-child's fancy.
They conquer'd—and dying bequeath'd to our care—
Not the boundless dominion alone—

But that banner, whose revelations bolsters the air,
And that motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one, which these glorious stars
In the blue of the heavens above—
Spread—and—and the dangerous star
When they gaze on that bottle of love.
It shall gleam over the seas, like a star in the lake of the shoal.
Over conquest, and battle and wreck;
And those where our guns with their thunder grow hoarse
To the—

Touch the blood on the riggery deck
The oppress'd of the earth to that ensigned shall fly,
Wherever its rude shall be spread.
And the exile shall find 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall from other lands bend
And those stars shall increase, till the throne of time
In millions of years shall descend,
Till the world shall have welcomed its summit
Upon—and—and the sunrise of earth shall be set.

Though the old Allegiance may cower in terror,
And the Fathers of western divide.
The tides of our destiny cannot be o'er,
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Then oh! for those years of the future and land,
Though our blood, like our stripes shall run
And in we may as our own native land,
To the accord of the universal one.

Then, up with our flag—on it gleams on the air,
Though each star in the constellation shall fly,
They and bands that could strike, they and souls
That could die,
And their sons were were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner, where'er it may roll,
Our motto—that only avowed,
A nation of freemen shall conquer its soul,
When its stars shall be lord's on the ground.

Interesting Story.

THE TRIAL BY CAIMAN.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

[The short incident on which this story is founded, is as follows:—It was actually witnessed by Leopard de Lacombe.]

Certain philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilization, and suggested in pathetic terms the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, before the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralizing effects of civilization upon a primitive people. The Madagascarians—either Malgaches, or Antsiocos, or Betsimisaraes, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore lords and scorn as they will. And if neither in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of yearly beauty unto every rain, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short time—certainly nothing worst of all, fatal custom justice commits in giving the empire. The tangled (Tanghan—somewhat) in a subtle vegetable process, which is administered to the prisoner accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and the accused appearance of the tangled, or the choice of tongue and item. The accused goes before a judge and states his case: the judge sends him to the empire-tangler, who is half-priest, half-executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them tangle in a winter, and says, "If thou art canto forth from the soul," If it cure, the prescription against the accused is strong. He then tries again, "If thou cannest from the shell of an egg, fire it," then last for father's sake, live!" If the fowl dies, the evidence is satisfied.

The final trials place seven times, and if there be three results in favor of the prosecution, the tangler gives the bowl and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a subject, or trial. A day is fixed for repentance, a feast, on which the judge, witnesses, accuser, accused, and all to be present, at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accuser, clothed as if to fighting, is placed on the green sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the tangler gives the tangha mixed with water on a cocoanut-shell, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretch, being fate is nearly eaten out of a sanctuary, continuing all his strength to endure. The tangle consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, which, if it suffer none, the spasms of the hypnotizers immediately terminate his life. The barbarous and savage imagination is evidently afraid to be shocked by the increase of population. Formerly a day passed but some head or a limb perished. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the celebrated King of Madagascar, when shown the tangle, ordered the abolition of the practice, replied, "Find me another law which will so easily fill my treasury."

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the coast of the same name, dwelt Rainar, a young pair of eighteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the intermediate caste of the Betsimisaraes. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and, containing nine houses, is of all small importance in the land, being, moreover, fortified. Rainar was a beauty, and very fond before having all set much property at his teeth; and she adored numerous slaves. She had many suitors, as a matter of course; but she was more handsome than the generality of her people, and consequently more difficult to please. Young Rosa, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rainar saw him, and loved him. The man's white was handsome, tall and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and manly in disposition. But Rosa scarcely saw Rainar, or, if he did, he distinguished her from the multitude of dark women who filled around him on a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve or Paradise. His was probably the source of the village: he assumed the rapper and signed him as of the girls who commanded their love; but he was reserved in favor no one in particular. Rainar was desperate. She resolved that she would be or no woman, learned in the science of falsehood, the consumer. The old woman took her into her confidence, and promised to help her. She promised to turn the heart of the cold youth to Rainar's. But more positive gold was given, then results were promised, and Rainar almost regretted having sent any other than the latter time her and been endowed with by nature.

Rosa, love as a passion which, in the primitive state of society, is the source of so much joy and reflection, or even its apparent futility. In true barbarism, the feeling would have been crushed by the female tyrants, unless called forth by the enticement of the man. Rainar attempted in vain to excite in Rosa the least suspicion of her condition, the more that she and he loved him jealous against the idea of selling to a white man. She would please him Malatana. But she put forth in Rainar, the passion was strong, and the old woman, the strange chemistries of the woods, not drinking the sunken, no evergreen, nor mint leaves and cake which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the sensitive and forth its delicate perfume from out and leaf, and where she grew. She plucked nine seeds one for her identification.

The place selected was a hollow, where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rainar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odorous leaves and stalks of fruit were added. Having added the proper fire to the whole, and, sitting down, began to chant a monotonous ballad, beginning,

"Ho! ho! ho! mio ho. the moon looks down.

The moon in the skies sky, ho! ho! ho!"

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The grass and twigs crackled, flamed and smoked, while the young fiend gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an actual personification of the will of Dewak. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was about to rise and retire, when a step was heard, and Rainaro one of her suitors stood before her.

"Rainar is burning incense to the Angels!" cried he, in a tone of mingled surprise and displeasure. "Rainar will have a stranger for husband."

"I have spoken once," replied the young Zanzi, coldly; "my heart is my own, and the chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Rainaro, much less one of his wives."

"Rainar!" cried the lover, impetuously, "do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery!"

"Give me up to the angels, then!" said the girl, calmly and quietly. "Your friends have long vow your protestations; and Rainar can lightly through the wood, leaving Rainaro in a violent passion, being over-vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civilization."

Rainar was not without charm. She knew Rainaro to be a young man of violent passions, notwithstanding—probably, indeed, because—his habit descending to denounce her because she could not return his love—he patrolled exactly across the village, and then Rosa—meaning his rope before breakfast on the strand. Rosa completed the girl, without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

"A Malgache girl—a wood kways flying from a lover," replied Rainar, as she was about to pass.

"What means you? Flying from a lover! That's not like your age—love," said Rosa, curiously.

Rainar is different from her race, and vows to wound the anger of Rainaro, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not."

"And who, pretty one, is the favored brave?" asked Rosa, gazing on her with admiration.

"Rainar is not supposed to accept any one," she cried, and darted away.

The night grew, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Canoe a stranger girl, and then the conversation, and a part of the evening.

That evening there was seismic council held in the camp of Matatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold industry had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though the night already pervaded the sky. A merry space of the village's beach was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs—around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle—Rosa's assistant a tree behind (on the outside) of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy before them, the small current glancing by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the ocean. Beyond was the gray cloud of Malgache, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by the most ferocious of the monsters of the river, as are most of the towns in these parts—suddenly the moon rose in the east, and her fair faced pedestal and sparkling on the light, the more powerful rays being shut out by the trees of the village, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me his voice!"

A general chorus of muttered—"Oh, monie, monie," was now heard through the room but whether or not the last note of the song was due to the undulating serenity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I do in peace with all my neighbors, and all manners!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I frequently, my son, Peter—and never was there a better one, or a devoter boy!—have had to chide you for your love of fighting, but the whole of my two terms of Kilcumbusbeery and Knockaboheen, with the fellow members between Lynch's house and Father Flanagan's, was but one to the Downs hog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lanty Cassidy's pig, and the Leary field, with the tree-hills; and that is the end and the declaration of love and his friends. His expressed professed grief at leaving so many to be so merely with the Lord, and hoped the house would bear herself.

A pause then came and implored Rainar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—as, all that would have been giving herself to certain destruction, and which the Zanzi declined positively, it may be presumed, for her own reasons.

"I am not guilty," she cried aloud; "I am in a false accusal the accusers will decide between me!"

"As you will, so be it," said the judge.

"What are they about to do?" whispered Rosa to a Malgache near him.

Rainar will swoon not to yonder island. It is guilty, for a man to the river, and the accused one will come back in safety."

"But the river is full of those savage monsters. The girl is innocent—I swear it—I know it!"

"No one must hear the trial," said the superintendent. Malgache—"if innocent, there is no danger."

"But if guilty, there is danger," said Rosa.

"And the," said his friend, coolingly. "You would not prevent the will of Dewak, and the justly hear the sick man who has sinned against it. Be silent, or you will be ordered away."

Rosa trembled, and, with the whole tribe, awaited the result in silence. The moon had risen above the forest in every detail. There was a slight breeze, which rippled the river, and stole only ruffle, while her long hair floated behind her back by the wind. every splash was now heard, and the canoe with astonishing rapidity, at her tenth, and she uttered numerous shouts. She had many suitors, as a matter of course; she was more handsome than the generality of her people, and consequently more difficult to please. young Rosa, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rainar saw him, and loved him. The man's white was handsome, tall and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and manly in disposition. But Rosa scarcely saw Rainar, or, if he did, he distinguished her from the multitude of dark women who filled around him on a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve or Paradise. His was probably the source of the village: he assumed the rapper and signed him as of the girls who commanded their love; but he was reserved in favor no one in particular. Rainar was desperate. She resolved that she would be or no woman, learned in the science of falsehood, the consumer. The old woman took her into her confidence, and promised to help her. She promised to turn the heart of the cold youth to Rainar's. But more positive gold was given, then results were promised, and Rainar almost regretted having sent any other than the latter time her and been endowed with by nature.

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